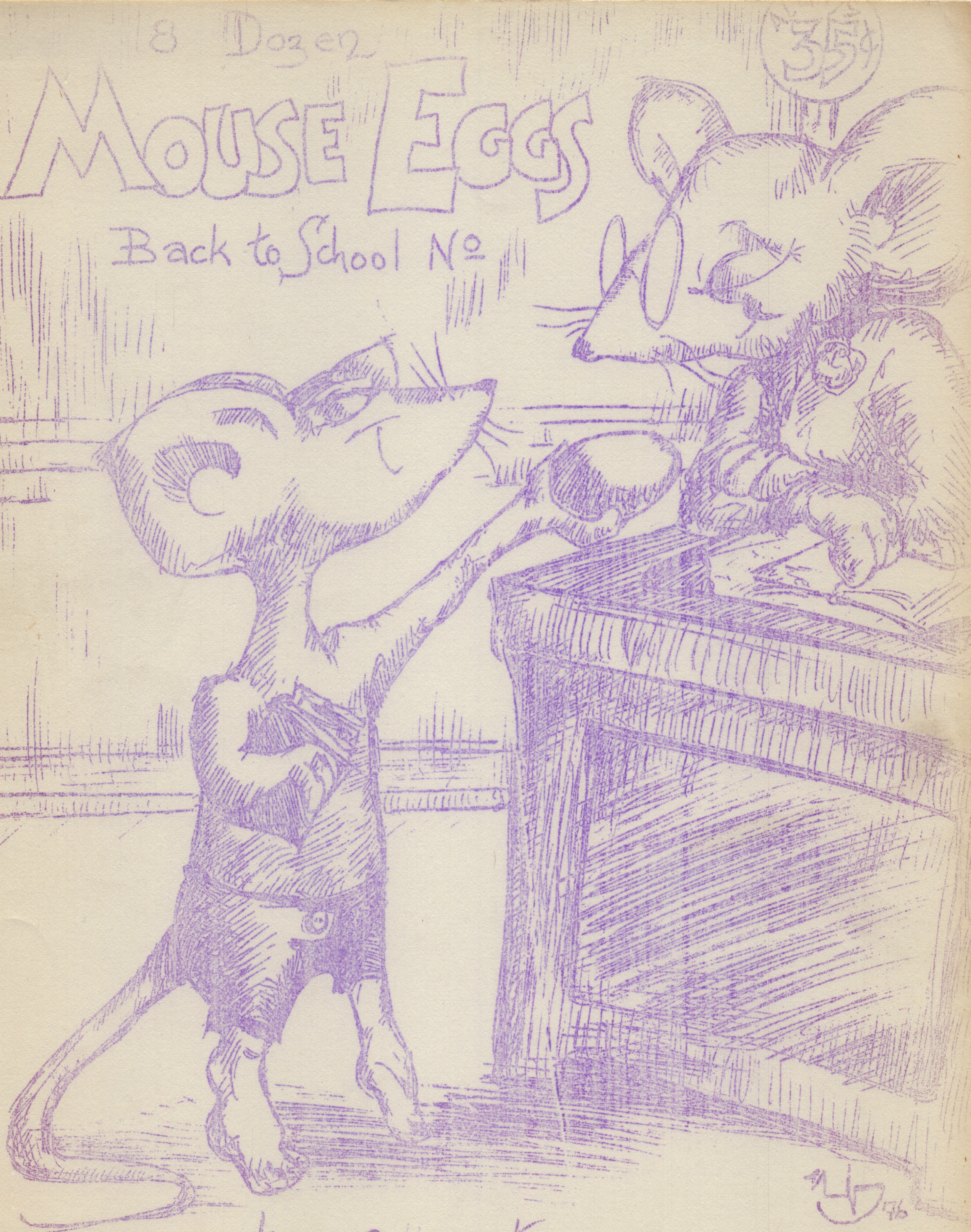
8 Dozen

359

MOUSE EGGS

Back to School No



typos © the poet

ARCMTL scan 2017

THE AMBUSH
or
I WAS GETTING READY TO TIE MY TIE WHEN

this kiss comes
in time
the taste of your teeth finding me
as I am
standing in one sock

LEMONADE

the wolf spider has a tubular heart.
can the mountain rebel against the river
of its craving?
find the bobbypin
in this poem.

Mash
SAnFraNciscO

ARCMTL scan 2017

I have something extremely important to say

everything is extremely important
I have something extremely important
everything is extremely
I have something extremely
everything is
I have something
everything.

penny chalmers

London Ont.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Apologia 17

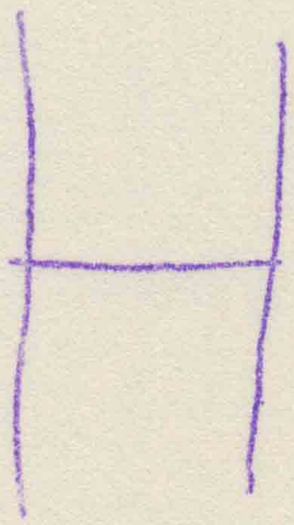
In the caves of ice we deserted the madmen. Hurrying
on our way
no time to lore

a caressing wind touched the saxophone
until there was only
vibration.
On each linear table (tableau)
monks & nuns, monks, nuns,
holding bones - groceries.

as when the drummer boy-

which reminds me.

T. Konyves



ARCMTL scan 2017

underneath the coffee
my body is sleeping
my thinking is seeking
its spot of reflection to stretch out in

sept 24
left hand

letter to a capricorn

capricorns like black
capricorns like challenges
capricorns like being on their knees
they write about riding into
(deep into) the black nite
capricorns shine in the black nite

sept 28

claudia lapp

ARCMTL scan 2017

Guy Birchard

Creek and Trees

the first stream you came up smiling
paddling the poem was good work
tho the hardest you'd ever done
(& poor wages)

without knowing the country
without even knowing the language
you would undertake to paddle the poem
great distances thru waters
only the crafty natives ran on instinct

You do not
know what you are doing
and the old chief hunkers up the beach,
knowing and laughing.

He likes you and doesn't worry like some old squaw.

He figgers you might make it. God only knows how.

Chiromancy

To think that the mystery
is all in the palm of your hand
all the whorls lines ridges
bumps and promise all
the glyphs gnashings of teeth
and aching the breaks and
lambs and little pleasures
your name and marriage to me
that it is all unravellable
and straightly presents no mystery
one continuous thread from such
confusion

ARCMTL scan 2017

the Aztec Priest
incarnate
now a high school teacher of art
stands before the class
39 eyes upon him
razor knife high in one hand

first you slice the potatoe in two
take one half
either
no difference
unless you're left-handed
then you use the other half

next
in & twist
not too quick or deep
& watch your hand for blood
carve your design.

after the third mistake
only then
take the second half
start again
with care
remember
only two halves to a customer

your design done
press the face
down potatoe into ink
press again onto paper

the result is art
he said
art.

ritchie carson

THIS SPACE FOR DOODLES, TELEPHONE #'S & OTHER FORMS of PERSONAL CREATIVITY R.C.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Brasserie Pisse Dru

I am sure
it was the curves of young women like these
that drove Pythagoras to the harsh lines of triangles
& me
    to lose interest in this game for National Prestige

                                I am
sure of it/
            she can not help but be proud.
Her body is the perfect curve
                                bends
over to hear someone praise her.

                                Old Pyth
you had their loose fitting togas
to drive you to the Aegean beach/to work out those angles in the sand
&me
   to approve the designers good use of them

The fit of her jeans bears it all
Her body sings
                DESIRE

                        and all those eyes
are sliding their hands all over her ass.
It's all animal

                There goes Bobby Orr
offering his hip, putting his $3,000,000
knee on the line. The seduction works

                                she
glances up (He's around the two Czechs)
                                appreciating the rush

there is a bond between bodies giving all they've got.

andre farkas

ARCMTL scan 2017

Artie Gold

Chased by a lion up the spiral of my body
I roll home. what schemes inhabit a citizen
band radio on your wide wrist. O sadness
is knowing your phone number !
You are all the long nights and the empty
cottage cheeses. The pale yellow amethysts
the tumbler lying on its side on the darkened rug
you are an ever widening stain
you are something that can't be contained
you are communism you are the fire before
the firemarshals. you are my cat in the tallest tree
so high up / it is hopeless
you are me turning my back on my cat
walking away with my shoulders slumped
you are the effect of the light upon my shadow as
it drapes upon the lawn
the wistful gaze of a neigbor as slowly
he
slides down a window and wanders over
to the television set. You are a long
night.I will get used to you I guess.

°°°°°

God's Idea

We will sell everyone on earth 1 pumice... then,
we will stop making volcanos.

°°°°

ARCMTL scan 2017

"To converse with shadows,
he himself must become a shade."
—F. H. Bradley

DREAM

well, then, when you and Prettyman
disappeared into the woods
to take a nominal piss, I sat
in the tent reading
a fine-print Penguin
Julius Caesar by flashlight
when a rap on my flap (the wind)
brought me to a nervous consciousness
of something terribly wrong:
i. e., I needed more than most
yet I gave everything away

well, right then, I resolved
to fiendishly cultivate selfishness
to maintain a dark design of all things
in rude secrecy

you came back without Prettyman
and I felt even more jealous
than when he took you away
I confessed all my plans
in mock guilt imagining
you felt privileged to hear them

in actual fact you didn't feel anything at all

I learned this later when I never saw you again

MAURICE ZERKON

ARCMTL scan 2017

On Collecting $200

I am stroking your small breasts
slightly tanned watching your
eyes slightly red
and
waiting for your forehead to heave
one tremendous "please, don't bother"
and you will sit up and reset
your world which has been playing
so foolishly

I'm sorry I'm not a great lover some
Western good guy with oaken flesh
some AApple Hill Farm dude with
eyes aglow and hands like a potter
molding your passions till your hips
shatter to his flesh, lips
scream, and buried in his Roll-on armpit
His Roman nose mocking lightly
over Creme de Bourgeoise

I am unhooking your jeans
You are squeezing my balls
soft, the way hummingbirds drink honey
and dew. You
have a way of holding me
till I pass
being ☆ 14 years old.
I love you, I love you

Sean Seamus Wilmut
72/7/10
Lake Placid

:MVT

ARCMTL scan 2017

On Scoring A Quick Fin

We are edging at each other's
zappers,
holding
our images as good
rappers, and
listening, for base to beat
rhythm or, treble to my
neat spasm your
echo chasm

I'm sorry you're not a
great lover some
West Coast woman with buttered breasts (yum)
some ~~slick~~ slim stick 'a gum slip it in with
foil wrappers unwrapping, tapping my ... ahh,
innermost sap
till your gap:
parts deep, fleet leap!
me beery,
cockcrow jamming
over peanuts and
tea.

You are speaking now
of deeper things; I agree:
Why can't we just go ahead
and have a meaningful relationship,
and forget about fucking? We
sigh, each in our own way but
you whisper how you'd like
to stay; Babe:
make it slow, let it go, Ahh...
We love we, we love

Sean Seamus Wilmut
74/5/30
Ste. Anne's :Mady T

ARCMTL scan 2017

JEFFREY & COLIN MORTON EDMONTON

jeffrey's 1st poem

momma
momma dad
daddy mom
daddy momma
mom mamma
dada mom dada
momma dad mom
momma momma

baby

ARCMTL scan 2017

HENRY HERSHFELP

TUTTI FRUTTI

On the spots of
The brown cushion
My love
has laid her yellow hairs.

Her fan is not moving:

Where
Is the drunken juggler?

ARCMTL scan 2017

MICHAEL LARGO NEW YORK

IN HOLES

The cycle of the month
is a chisel which works on the moon.
The parts that are broken off fall
invisibly to the bottoms of black caves
where they become blind fish which
eat darkness.
Each day we have gone with buckets
and flashlights into the holes
of the earth after these fish
which lay platinum eggs. Our eyes
if they see them will turn into mud. The trick
is in the last minute aversion.

When there is no moon
the blind fish swell and the hissing
air through the gills is like
low baroque chanting. This is the time to catch them.
There is a legend with the old people
of the hills that if these fish are fried they
are very tasty. Others believe if
you wear the tail around your neck
you will become a frog.

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

I have been communing
with my feet, cutting
down the distances.

I get lost in so much
cloud & sky, there are wings
at my heels, I wear a strange
winged cap, & I am
carrying flowers.

& within the house, the body,
breathing & breathless poems,
my blood stream waking up
from its seven year sleep.

ARCMTL scan 2017

KIM NORRIS

THE HISTORY OF CANADA

(for Henry Beissel)

Sure. It's cold here.

Hk

RSVP

ARCMTL scan 2017

Apologia 18.

Soft crickets. Rrrik-rrrrliiiikk.
Honey
moon
Ho
ney
moon

my friends, mes amis, the current event
is a foregone
conclusion.

T. Konyves

ARCMTL scan 2017